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## THE TWO MISS SMITHS.

A TRUE STORY.

IN a certain town in the west of England, which shall be nameless, there dwelt two maiden ladies of the name of Smith ; each possessing a small independence, each residing, with a single maid-servant, in a small house, the drawing-room floor of which was let, whenever lodgers could be found ; each hovering somewhere about the age of fifty, and each hating the other with a restless and implacable enmity. The origin of this aversion was the similarity of their names ; each was Miss C. Smith, the one being called Cecilia, the other Charlotte—a circumstance which gave rise to such innumerable mistakes and misunderstandings, as were sufficient to maintain these ladies in a constant state of irritability and warfare. Letters, messages, invitations, parcels, bills, were daily mis-sent, and opened by the wrong person, thus exposing the private affairs of one to the other ; and as their aversion had long ago extinguished every thing like delicacy on either side, any information so acquired was used without scruple to their mutual annoyance. Presents, too, of fruit, vegetables, or other delicacies from the neighbouring gentry, not unfrequently found their way to the wrong house ; and if unaccompanied by a letter, which took away all excuse for mistake, they were appropriated without remorse, even when the appropriating party felt confident in her heart that the article was not intended for her ; and this not from greediness or rapacity, but from the absolute delight they took in vexing each other. It must be admitted, also, that this well-known enmity was occasionally played upon by the frolic-loving part of the community, both high and low ; so that over and above the genuine mistakes, which were of themselves quite enough to keep the poor ladies in hot water, every now and then some little hoax was got up and practised upon them, such as fictitious love-letters, anonymous communications, and so forth. It might have been imagined, as they were not answerable for their names, and as they were mutual sufferers by the similarity, one having as much right to complain of this freak of fortune as the other, that they might have entered into a compact of forbearance, which would have been equally advantageous to either party ; but their naturally acrimonious dispositions prevented this, and each continued as angry with the other as she could have been if she had had a sole and indefeasible right to the appellation of *C. Smith*, and her rival had usurped it in a pure spirit of annoyance and opposition. To be quite just, however, we must observe that Miss Cecilia was much the worse of the two ; by judicious management Miss Charlotte might have been tamed, but the malice of Miss Cecilia was altogether inexorable.

By the passing of the Reform Bill, the little town wherein dwelt these belligerent powers received a very considerable accession of importance ; it was elevated into a borough, and had a whole live member to itself, which, with infinite pride and gratification, it sent to parliament, after having extracted from him all manner of pledges, and loaded him with all manner of instructions as to how he should conduct himself under every conceivable circumstance ; not to mention a variety of bills for the improvement of the roads and markets, the erection of a town-hall, and the reform of the systems of watching, paving, lighting, &c., the important and consequential little town of B—.

A short time previous to the first election—an event which was anticipated by the inhabitants with the most vivid interest—one of the candidates, a country

gentleman who resided some twenty miles off, took a lodgings in the town, and came there with his wife and family, in order, by a little courtesy and a few entertainments, to win the hearts of the electors and their friends ; and his first move was to send out invitations for a tea and card party, which, in due time, when the preparations were completed, was to be followed by a ball. There was but one milliner and dressmaker of any consideration in the town of B—, and it may be imagined that on so splendid an occasion her services were in great request—so much so, that in the matter of head-dresses, she not only found that it would be impossible, in so short a period, to fulfil the commands of her customers, but also that she had neither the material nor the skill to give them satisfaction. It was, therefore, settled that she should send off an order to a house in Exeter, which was the county town, for a cargo of caps, togues, turbans, &c., fit for all ages and faces—“such as were not disposed of to be returned,” and the ladies consented to wait, with the best patience they could, for this interesting consignment, which was to arrive without fail on the Wednesday, Thursday being the day fixed for the party. But the last coach arrived on Wednesday night without the expected boxes ; however, the coachman brought a message for Miss Gibbs, the milliner, assuring her that they would be there the next morning without fail.

Accordingly, when the first Exeter coach rattled through the little street of B—, which was about half-past eleven, every head that was interested in the freight was to be seen looking anxiously out for the deal boxes ; and, sure enough, there they were—three of them—large enough to contain caps for the whole town. Then there was a rush up stairs for their bonnets and shawls, and in a few minutes troops of ladies, young and old, were seen hurrying towards the market-place, where dwelt Miss Gibbs—the young in pursuit of artificial flowers, gold bands, and such-like adornments—the elderly in search of a more mature order of decoration. Amongst the candidates for finery, nobody was more eager than the two Miss Smiths ; and they had reason to be so, not only because they had neither of them any thing at all fit to be worn at Mrs Hanaway's party, which was in a style much above the entertainments they were usually invited to, but also because they both invariably wore turbans, and each was afraid that the other might carry off the identical turban that might be most desirable for herself. Urged by this feeling, so alert were they, that they were each standing at their several windows when the coach passed, with their bonnets and cloaks actually on—ready to start for the plate!—determined to reach Miss Gibbs' in time to witness the opening of the boxes. But “who shall control his fate?” Just as Miss Cecilia was stepping off her threshold, she was accosted by a very gentlemanly-looking person, who, taking off his hat, with an air really irresistible, begged to know if he had “the honour of seeing Miss Smith”—a question which was, of course, answered in the affirmative.

“I was not quite sure,” said he, “whether I was right, for I had forgotten the number ; but I thought it was sixty,” and he looked at the figures on the door.

“This is sixty, sir,” said Miss Cecilia ; adding to herself, “I wonder if it was sixteen he was sent to,” for at number sixteen lived Miss Charlotte.

“I was informed, madam,” pursued the gentleman, “that I could be accommodated with apartments here—that you had a first floor to let.”

“That is quite true, sir,” replied Miss Cecilia, delighted to let her rooms, which had been some time

vacant, and doubly gratified when the stranger added, “I come from Bath, and was recommended by a friend of yours, indeed probably a relation, as she bears the same name, Miss Joanna Smith.”

“I know Miss Joanna very well, sir,” replied Miss Cecilia ; “pray, walk up stairs, and I'll show you the apartments directly. (For,” thought she, “I must not let him go out of the house till he has taken them, for fear he should find out his mistake.) Very nice rooms, sir, you see—every thing clean and comfortable—a pretty view of the canal in front—just between the baker's and the shoemaker's ; you'll get a peep, sir, if you step to this window. Then it's uncommonly lively ; the Exeter and Plymouth coaches, up and down, rattling through all day long, and indeed all night too, for the matter of that. A beautiful little bed-room, back, too, sir—Yea, as you observe, it certainly does look over a brick kiln ; but there's no dust—not the least in the world—for I never allow the windows to be opened : altogether, there can't be a pleasanter situation than it is.”

The stranger, it must be owned, seemed less sensible of all these advantages than he ought to have been ; however, he engaged the apartments : it was but for a short time, as he had come there about some business connected with the election ; and as Miss Joanna had so particularly recommended him to the lodgings, he did not like to disoblige her. So the bargain was struck : the maid received orders to provision the garrison with bread, butter, tea, sugar, &c., &c., whilst the gentleman returned to the inn to dispatch his portmanteau and carpet-bag.

“You were only just in time, sir,” observed Miss Cecilia, as they descended the stairs, “for I expected a gentleman to call at twelve o'clock to-day, who I am sure would have taken the lodgings.”

“I should be sorry to stand in his way,” responded the stranger, who would not have been at all sorry for an opportunity of backing out of the bargain. “Perhaps you had better let him have them—I can easily get accommodated elsewhere.”

“Oh dear, no, sir ; dear me ! I wouldn't do such a thing for the world !” exclaimed Miss Cecilia, who had only thrown out this little innuendo by way of binding her lodger to his bargain, lest, on discovering his mistake, he should think himself at liberty to annul the agreement. For well she knew that it was a mistake : Miss Joanna of Bath was Miss Charlotte's first cousin, and, hating Miss Cecilia, as she was in duty bound to do, would rather have sent her a dose of arsenic than a lodger, any day. She had used every precaution to avoid the accident that had happened, by writing on a card, “Miss Charlotte Smith, No. 16, High Street, B—, opposite the linen-draper's shop ;” but the thoughtless traveller, never dreaming of the danger in which he stood, lost the card, and, trusting to his memory, fell into the snare.

Miss Cecilia had been so engrossed by her anxiety to hook this fish before her rival could have a chance of throwing out a bait for him, that, for a time, she actually forgot Miss Gibbs and the turban ; but now that her point was gained, and she felt sure of her man, her former care revived with all its force, and she hurried along the street towards the market-place, in a fever of apprehension lest she should be too late. The matter certainly looked ill ; for, as she arrived breathless at the door, she saw groups of self-satisfied faces issuing from it, and, amongst the rest, the obnoxious Miss Charlotte's physiognomy appeared, looking more pleased than any body.

“Odious creature !” thought Miss Cecilia ; “as if she supposed that any turban in the world could make her look tolerable !” But Miss Charlotte did suppose

it; and, moreover, she had just secured the very identical turban that, of all the turbans that ever were made, was most likely to accomplish this desideratum—at least so she opined.

Poor Miss Cecilia! Up stairs she rushed, bouncing into Miss Gibbs's little room, now strewed with finery. "Well, Miss Gibbs, I hope you have something that will suit me!"

"Dear me, mem," responded Miss Gibbs, "what a pity you did not come a little sooner. The only two turbans we had are just gone—Mrs Gosling took one, and Miss Charlotte Smith the other—two of the most beautiful—here they are, indeed—you shall see them;" and she opened the boxes in which they were deposited, and presented them to the grieved eyes of Miss Cecilia.

She stood aghast! The turbans were very respectable turbans indeed; but, to her disappointed and eager desires, they appeared worthy of Mahomet the prophet, or the Grand Sultan, or any other body, mortal or immortal, that has ever been reputed to wear turbans. And this consummation of perfection she had lost!—lost just by a neck!—missed it by an accident, that, however gratifying she had thought it at the time, she now felt was but an inadequate compensation for her present disappointment. But there was no remedy. Miss Gibbs had nothing fit to make a turban of; besides, Miss Cecilia would have scorned to appear in any turban that Miss Gibbs could have compiled, when her rival was to be adorned with a construction of such superhuman excellence. No! the only consolation she had was to scold Miss Gibbs for not having kept the turbans till she had seen them, and for not having sent for a greater number of turbans. To which obtrusions Miss Gibbs could only answer, "That she had been extremely sorry, indeed, when she saw the ladies were bent upon having the turbans, as she had ordered two entirely with a view to Miss Cecilia's accommodation; and, moreover, that she was never more surprised in her life than when Mrs Gosling desired one of them might be sent to her, because Mrs Gosling never wore turbans; and if Miss Gibbs had only foreseen that she would have pounced upon it in that way, she, Miss Gibbs, would have taken care she should never have seen it at all," &c., &c., &c.—all of which the reader may believe, if he or she chooses. As for Miss Cecilia, she was implacable, and she flounced out of the house, and through the streets, to her own door, in a temper of mind that rendered it fortunate, as far as the peace of the town of B— was concerned, that no accident brought her in contact with Miss Charlotte on the way.

As soon as she got into her parlour, she threw off her bonnet and shawl, and plunging into her arm-chair, she tried to compose her mind sufficiently to take a calm view of the dilemma, and determine on what line of conduct to pursue—whether to send an excuse to Mrs Hanaway, or whether to go to the party in one of her old head-dresses. Either alternative was insupportable. To lose the party—the game at loo, the distinction of being seen in such good society—it was too provoking; besides, very likely people would suppose she had not been invited; Miss Charlotte, she had no doubt, would try to make them believe so. But then, on the other hand, to wear one of her old turbans was so mortifying—they were so very shabby, so unfashionable—on an occasion, too, when every body would be so well-dressed! Oh, it was aggravating—vexatious, in the extreme! She passed the day in reflection—chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancies; recalling to herself how well she looked in the turban—for she had tried it on; figuring what would have been Miss Charlotte's mortification if she had been the disappointed person—how triumphantly she, Miss Cecilia, would have marched into the room with the turban on her head—how crest-fallen the other would have looked; and then she varied her occupation by resuscitating all her old turbans, buried in antique band-boxes deep in dust, and trying whether it were possible, out of their united materials, to concoct one of the present fashionable shape and dimensions. But the thing was impracticable: the new turban was composed of crimson satin and gold lace, hers of pieces of muslin and gauze.

When the mind is very much engrossed, whether the subject of contemplation be pleasant or unpleasant, time flies with inconceivable rapidity; and Miss Cecilia was roused from her meditations by hearing the clock in the passage strike four, warning her that it was necessary to come to some decision, as the hour fixed for the party, according to the primitive customs

of B—, was half-past seven, when the knell of the clock was followed by a single knock at the door, and the next moment her maid walked into the room with—what do you think!—the identical crimson and gold turban in her hand!

"What a beauty!" cried Susan, turning it round, that she might get a complete view of it in all its phases.

"Was there any message, Sue?" inquired Miss Cecilia, gasping with agitation, for her heart was in her throat.

"No, ma'am," answered Sue; "Miss Gibbs's girl just left it; she said it should have come earlier, but she had so many places to go to."

"And she's gone, is she, Susan?"

"Yes, ma'am, she went directly—she said she hadn't got half through yet."

"Very well, Susan, you may go; and remember, I'm not at home if any body calls; and if any message comes here from Miss Gibbs, you'll say I'm gone out, and you don't expect me home till very late."

"Very well, ma'am."

"And, I say, Susan, if they send here to make any inquiries about that turban, you'll say you know nothing about it, and send them away."

"Very well, ma'am," said Susan, and down she dived to the regions below.

Instead of four o'clock, how ardently did Miss Cecilia wish it were seven; for the danger of the next three hours was imminent. Well she understood how the turban had got there—it was a mistake of the girl—but the chance was great that, before seven o'clock arrived, Miss Charlotte would take fright at not receiving her head-dress, and would send to Miss Gibbs to demand it, when the whole thing would be found out. However, no message came: at five o'clock, when the milk-boy rang, Miss Cecilia thought she should have fainted; but that was the only alarm. At six she began to dress, and at seven she stood before her glass in full array, with the turban on her head. She thought she had never looked so well; indeed, she was sure she had not. The magnitude of the thing gave her an air, and indeed a feeling of dignity and importance that she had never been sensible of before. The gold lace looked brilliant even by the light of her single tallow candle; what would it do in a well-illuminated drawing-room! then the colour was strikingly becoming, and suited her hair exactly—Miss Cecilia, we must here observe, was quite grey; but she wore a frontlet of dark curls, and a little black silk skull-cap, fitted close to her head, which kept all neat and tight under the turban.

She had not far to go; nevertheless, she thought it would be as well to set off at once, for fear of accidents, even though she lingered on the way to fill up the time, for every moment the danger augmented; so she called to Susan to bring her cloak, and her calash, and her overalls, and being well packed up by the admiring Sue, who declared the turban was "without exception the most beautiful thing she ever saw," she started; determined, however, not to take the direct way, but to make a little circuit by a back street, lest, by ill luck, she should fall foul of the enemy.

"Susan," said she, pausing as she was stepping off the threshold, "if any body calls, you'll say I have been gone to Mrs Hanaway's some time; and, Susan, just put a pin in this calash to keep it back, it falls over my eyes so that I can't see;" and Susan pinned a fold in the calash, and away went the triumphant Miss Cecilia. She did not wish to be guilty of the vulgarity of arriving first at the party; so she lingered about till it wanted a quarter to eight, and then she knocked at Mrs Hanaway's door, which a smart footman immediately opened, and, with the alertness for which many of his order are remarkable, proceeded to disengage the lady from her external coverings—the cloak, the overalls, the calash; and then, without giving her time to breathe, he rushed up the stairs, calling out, "Miss Cecilia Smith;" whilst the butler, who stood at the drawing-room door, threw it open, reiterating, "Miss Cecilia Smith;" and in she went. But, oh! reader, little do you think, and little did she think, where the turban was that she imagined to be upon her head, and under the supposed shadow of which she walked into the room with so much dignity and complacence. It was below in the hall, lying on the floor, fast in the calash, to which Susan, ill-starred wench! had pinned it; and the footman, in his cruel haste, had dragged them both off together.

With only some understrappings on her cranium, and altogether unconscious of her calamity, smiling and bowing, Miss Cecilia advanced towards her host and hostess, who received her in the most gracious manner, thinking, certainly, that her taste in a head-dress was peculiar, and that she was about the most extraordinary figure they had ever beheld, but supposing that such was the fashion she chose to adopt—the less astonished or inclined to suspect the truth, from having heard a good deal of the eccentricities of the two spinsters of B—. But to the rest of the company, the appearance she made was inexplicable; they had been accustomed to see her ill dressed, and oddly dressed, but such a sight as this they were not prepared for. Some whispered that she had gone mad; others suspected that it must be accident—that somehow or other she had forgotten to put on her head-dress; but even if it were so, the joke was an excellent one, and nobody cared enough for her to sacrifice their amusement by setting her right. So Miss Cecilia, blessed in her delusion, triumphant and happy, took her place at the whist table, anxiously selecting a position which gave her a full view of the door, in order that she might have the indescribable satisfaction of seeing the expression of Miss Charlotte's countenance when she entered the room—that is, if she came; the probability was, that mortification would keep her away.

But no such thing—Miss Charlotte had too much spirit to be beaten out of the field in that manner. She had waited with patience for her turban, because Miss Gibbs had told her, that, having many things to send out, it might be late before she got it; but when half-past six arrived, she became impatient, and dispatched her maid to fetch it. The maid returned, with Miss Gibbs's respects, and the girl was still out with the things; she would be sure to call at Miss Charlotte's before she came back." At half-past seven there was another message, to say that the turban had not arrived; by this time the girl had done her errands, and Miss Gibbs, on questioning her, discovered the truth. But it was too late—the mischief was irreparable—Susan averring, with truth, that her mistress had gone to Mrs Hanaway's party some time, with the turban on her head.

We will not attempt to paint Miss Charlotte's feelings—that would be a vain endeavour. Rage took possession of her soul; her attire was already complete, all but the head-dress, for which she was waiting. She selected the best turban she had, threw on her cloak and calash, and in a condition of mind bordering upon frenzy, she rushed forth, determined, be the consequences what they might, to claim her turban, and expose Miss Cecilia's diabolical conduct before the whole company.

By the time she arrived at Mrs Hanaway's door, owing to the delays that had intervened, it was nearly half-past eight; the company had all arrived; and whilst the butler and footmen were carrying up the refreshments, one of the female servants of the establishment had come into the hall, and was endeavouring to introduce some sort of order and classification amongst the mass of external coverings that had been hastily thrown off by the ladies; so, when Miss Charlotte knocked, she opened the door and let her in, and proceeded to relieve her of her wraps.

"I suppose I'm very late," said Miss Charlotte, dropping into a chair to seize a moment's rest, whilst the woman drew off her boots, for she was out of breath with haste, and heated with fury.

"I believe every body's come, ma'am," said the woman.

"I should have been here some time since," proceeded Miss Charlotte, "but the most shameful trick has been played me about my—my—Why—I declare—I really believe"—and she bent forward, and picked up the turban—the identical turban, which, disturbed by the maid-servant's manœuvres, was lying upon the floor, still attached to the calash by Sukey's unlucky pin.

Was there ever such a triumph! Quick as lightning, the old turban was off and the new one on, the maid with bursting sides assisting in the operation; and then, with a light step and a proud heart, up walked Miss Charlotte, and was ushered into the drawing-room.

As the door opened, the eyes of the rivals met. Miss Cecilia's feelings were those of disappointment and surprise. "Then she has got a turban too! How could she have got it!" and she was vexed that her triumph was not so complete as she had expected. But Miss Charlotte was in ecstacies. It may be supposed she was not slow to tell the story; it soon flew round the room, and the whole party were thrown into convulsions of laughter. Miss Cecilia, alone, was not in the secret; and as she was successful at cards, and therefore in good humour, she added to their mirth, by saying that she was glad to see every body so merry, and by assuring Mrs Hanaway, when she took her leave, that it was the gayest party she had ever seen in B—. "I am really ashamed," said Mrs Hanaway, "at allowing the poor woman to be the jest of my company; but I was afraid to tell her the cause of our laughter, from the apprehension of what might have followed." "And it must be admitted," said her husband, "that she well deserves the mortification that awaits her when she discovers the truth."

Poor Miss Cecilia did discover the truth, and never was herself again. She parted with her house, and went to live with a relation at Bristol; but her spirit was broken; and, after going through all the stages of

a discontented old age—ill temper, passion, peevishness, and fatuity—she closed her existence, as usual with persons of her class, unloved and unlamented.

#### A CHAPTER ON THE SOPHISMS.

LOGIC, if we adopt the latest and most authoritative definition, is to be viewed “as the science, and also as the art, of reasoning.”\* In either capacity it plainly has to do, not only with the exposition of valid modes of argument, but with the detection of such as are false and fallacious. In systems of logic, therefore, a place is properly devoted to the statement and discussion of the doctrine of Sophisms.

This and the related term *sophist*, both derived from the Greek adjective for *wise*, are not necessarily significant of wrong reasoning and a dishonest reasoner. The latter, indeed, was at first a name of honour, corresponding to our own *philosopher* or *sage*, as is evinced by its application to such men as Solon, the famous Athenian legislator. The title, however, was also conceded to those less calculated to maintain its dignity. Addicting themselves to subtle disputation on tedious trifles; playing with arguments as they would with cheasmen; making victory rather than truth the object of their efforts; labouring less to clear their own intellectual vision than to fling dust in the eyes of their opponents—the professors of wisdom soon involved their distinctive appellation in their own disrepute and disgrace. By a natural coincidence, the kindred word *sophisma*, strictly and etymologically denoting a wise saying, came to mean a verbal imposture, a quirk, or fallacy. It is of importance in studying logic to keep clearly in view the distinction between this term and *paralogism*. The latter word is appropriated to palpable violations of the first principles of reasoning; the former denotes violations committed under the appearance of conformity. A *paralogism* is an enemy at once detected and disarmed; a *sophism* is an assassin wearing the mask of friendship.

The classification of the sophisms is no easy task; and, generally speaking, it has been but ill performed. The logicians, in this department, have given a very unworkmanlike specimen of their own lauded art. Nothing can be more indistinct and perplexing, as well as barbarous, than the nomenclature they have conferred on the various modes of fallacious reasoning. The utmost confusion on this head prevails in the common systems of logic: this writer cites as an example of one error what that refers to another; so that a single sophism is often bandied about, like a pauper of ambiguous parentage, through a goodly moiety of the thirteen parishes of Aristotle. A simpler division of the territory and population is, we think, not quite impracticable; the task has been facilitated, if not completely achieved, by the admirable work of Dr Whately. In the distribution we have fixed on, at least in its minor details, practical utility has sometimes been consulted rather than scientific precision.

Errors in reasoning may all be resolved into two grand orders. The fault, in the first instance, may reside in the *expressed argument*, or syllogism, in which the conclusion does not follow from the premises it is apparently involved in; or, secondly, it may lurk in the *concealed process of thought*, dexterously suggested by the sophist, by means of which false premises are regarded as proved, and a false though logically legitimate conclusion is of course necessitated; or in which a conclusion, likewise logically fair, and probably true as matter of fact, but irrelevant or only partially relevant to the point at issue, is admitted as applicable and decisive. In the one class the link is wanting which should bind the inference to the previous positions; in the other, that is absent which should connect either with the real subject of dispute. A sophism, then, which is inseparable from the form of the expression, may perhaps with propriety be styled *syllogistic*; while one attaching to the subject-matter may fall to be treated as *extra-syllogistic*. It is obviously as respects the latter sort that the human mind is most open to deception; and it must at the same time be allowed that logic is here, where her aid is most essential, able to lend it but in scanty measure. The candid will, however, remember that even the meanest modicum of such service is of value, and will not quarrel with an art for failure where absolute success is plainly unattainable.

First, then, of *syllogistic fallacies*; which, indeed, by excessive generalisation, might be comprised under the other class, since they are resolvable into the impression that the same or similar terms are always representative of the same or similar ideas. It is much more convenient, however, to consider them separately.

\* “Elements of Logic,” by Archbishop Whately—introduction.

Errors of this description may proceed, in the first instance, from confounding allied meanings of the same term. Sometimes a word is used both in its primary and in a transitive sense. An instance in point occurs in Mr Burke's *Essay on Taste*, prefixed to his celebrated disquisition on the Sublime and Beautiful. “It may perhaps appear,” he observes, “that there is no material distinction between the *wit* and the *judgment*, as they both seem to result from different operations of the same faculty of comparing. But in reality, whether they are or are not dependent on the same power of the mind, they differ so very materially in many respects, that a perfect union of *wit* and *judgment* is one of the rarest things in the world.” The words *wit* and *judgment* have each, in the above passage, two distinct significations—the powers thus denominated respectively, and the products of both in peculiarly lively exercise. The inference, of course, does not hold, and the objection it is intended to meet remains unanswered.

Sometimes a metaphorical sense is slipped in, in lieu of the literal. We have heard that a popular orator thus managed to turn to his own account the misfortune of a rival, absent, it seems, from delicate health. “The gentleman has said he cannot venture himself in such an atmosphere, but this is the atmosphere in which I delight to breathe.” With an excited crowd, this flimsy artifice, we believe, succeeded in procuring for a stout pair of lungs the applause due to distinguished patriotism.

Occasionally, the extension of a term is changed. Thus Hume, in his *Essay on Miracles*, argues as if what is granted of ordinary were true of universal experience. Because events of this order have not come under the observation of most persons, it is concluded that they could never have come under the observation of any. A like ambiguity has sometimes arisen from the vague application of authority. Referring to the writer last named, in his capacity of historian, we may think fit to pronounce him an excellent authority; but unless the term be expressly guarded, we may be represented as intimating our approval of his ethical and metaphysical speculations. By *prophet* we usually understand a person supernaturally commissioned to foretell events; in the works of Mr Carlyle, he is simply a man of commanding genius and vast practical power. *Mystery*, formerly meaning simply a thing unknown, now denotes invariably a thing that cannot be known. The notion popularly attached to *wealth* differs widely from the use of the term by writers on political economy; and much practical mischief has resulted from the belief that a country is prosperous just in proportion as it amasses *wealth*. In these cases and the like, serious mistakes have been generated, and risen to the rank of established and unimpeachable principles, through sheer inattention to the variations of terms. The more closely, indeed, the shades of meaning blend with each other, the more twin-like the similarity that subsists between them, the greater becomes the difficulty of detecting the fraud. Beyond a certain point, indeed, of difference, the most obtuse intellect will refuse to be imposed on. It is absurd, therefore, in an enumeration of fallacies, to assign a place to a glaring play upon words. Though the pun may puzzle, it can never mislead. “He who is most hungry eats most: he who eats least is most hungry; therefore he who eats least eats most.” We immediately discover that *eats* in the first member of the syllogism is equivalent to *will eat*, while in the second it stands for *has eaten*; and the apparent contradiction is solved and laughed over.

A second class of errors in reasoning, belonging to the same general order, may arise from the oversight of certain differences between related terms. It is often, for example, taken for granted that words springing from a common root only vary among themselves as parts of speech, whereas in fact the radical meaning may have become considerably modified. *Schemer* denotes an artful, truckling, unprincipled individual—qualities which it would be most unfair to ascribe to every man that chanced to be the author of a *scheme*. The two terms are related to each other, but a *devout* man is not therefore a *devotee*. In some instances, however, the derivative and primitive differ too plainly for either to become available for the purposes of sophistry. A mind that would fail to detect the transition from *art* to *artful*, from *pity* to *pitiful*, and the like, must be under the influence of principles of association no less peculiar than those which led the Laird of Ellangowan, in Guy Mannering, to give justice embodiment in a justice of the peace.

To this head we would also refer the disingenuous use of *pseudo-synonyms*—that is, terms corresponding generally, but not alike expressive of the required shade of distinction. To *murder*, and to *put to death*, both indicate agency with a similar result; but the former phrase determines that agency to be criminal, while the latter affixes no such character to it. Many, under the impression that the terms are perfectly equivalent and interchangeable, might be induced to ascribe to *sour* substances the recognised properties of *bitter*. It is unnecessary to multiply examples.

Let us now review briefly the more frequent and more dangerous species of fallacies which we have ventured to denominate *extra-syllogistic*. The fault here was described as attaching, not to the expressed process of argument, but to the concomitant process of thought.

Sophisms, ranging under this general category, are

all traceable to two sources, the first of which is the *assumption of doubtful premises*. This error appears in a great variety of forms.

*Accidental coincidence is often assumed as sufficient to establish efficient connexion.* Two events happen nearly at the same time; therefore one is supposed the cause, and the other the effect. Of this sort of false reasoning, we remember a notable instance in *Prudeaux*. Cambyses was mortally wounded by his sword piercing his body in the same part in which he had stabbed the sacred bull of the Egyptians. In narrating this incident, the dean expresses his concurrence in their superstitious inference, observing that the mode of the king's death was probably designed to mark the divine displeasure against his act of violence, as an insult offered to the cause of religion in general. On the same error are based the fictions of astrology. The fate of individuals and of nations has been thought to be bound up in the movements and conjunctions of the stars; and so simple an event as the appearance of a comet has now frightened Europe into penitence. Virgil, in his first *Georgic*, bids the farmer confide in those indications of the weather afforded by the aspect of the sun, since that luminary's obscuration gave faithful warning of the impending doom of Caesar. On the same principle, the decline of the Roman power was early ascribed to the spread of Christianity. All our popular superstitions are to be similarly explained; those, for instance, which interpret as infallible preludes of death or discord, the chirping of an insect, the howling of a dog, or the spilling of a little salt.

Closely allied to the preceding fallacy is that which consists in the *assumption of a hypothetical cause*. At this stumbling-block we find the father of logic himself tripping. “All the heavenly bodies,” says Aristotle, in his *Physics*, “must move in circles, because a circle is the most perfect of all figures.” The reason here assigned for a position, now known to be at variance with existing phenomena, is neither appreciable in itself nor applicable to the question. Des Cartes's hypothesis of animal spirits, and Hartley's theory of vibrations, both framed to explain the transmission of sensible impressions from the extremity of the nerves to the brain, are both referable to the same source of error—the supposition, namely, that when a *possible* cause has been assigned, the *real* cause has been discovered.

*What is true with limitations, is frequently assumed to be true absolutely.* Thus—“*Deleterious* drugs are always to be rejected; opium is a deleterious drug; therefore opium is always to be rejected.” It is plain, that a maxim which holds good, generally, of persons in health, is not applicable, specially, to cases of disease. This sophism appears, perhaps, more frequently in the interrogative than in the categorical form. The object of the disingenuous disputant, then, is to extort from his adversary an unconditional answer to a question so put as to require it to be qualified. When the query is advanced in a bold, triumphant tone, with its real complexity dexterously disguised, a timid and inexperienced debater will be easily silenced by this expedient. The question, for example, “Is war detestable, or is it not?” cannot be answered directly and unconditionally. If we choose the affirmative, we concede the criminality of even defensive war; if we prefer the negative, we are dealt with as the advocates of aggressive. We must explain and qualify, if we would avoid either horn of the dilemma, at the risk, indeed, of being accused by our opponent of a wish to shuffle and prevaricate, and perplex the discussion. To this head most cases of defective parallel may conveniently be referred.

Again: *We may assume as exhaustive of all the alternatives of a given case what embraces only a portion of them.* Thus, in one of Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, Menippus chooses to take for granted that the misery of Tantalus only arises from fear that he may die of thirst; and proceeds, accordingly, in sarcastic vein, to prove the apprehension groundless. “You say you are punished with thirst; but why is that dreadful to you? For I see no region besides this Hades, nor any second death in another quarter.” Thus, too, the celebrated sophistical puzzle respecting motion. “Whatever body is in motion must move either in the place where it is, or in some place where it is not; neither of these alternatives is possible: therefore there is no such thing as motion.” Here it is assumed, that there is no such third alternative as is conveyed by the prepositions *from* and *to*, the others involving manifestly a contradiction in terms.

Next may be mentioned the error of assuming that what is true of a whole, is true of a part. Critics, on this principle, have conceived themselves bound to vindicate, or puff into beauties, even the most flagrant faults of standard writers; and have seldom struck the medium between unqualified censure and extravagant praise. How often are meritorious individuals subjected to the odium, attaching, perhaps justly, to the majority of a class to which they chance to belong! How often are salutary institutions and customs neglected or decried, just because they have a common origin with others that are noxious and blameworthy! To reverse the illustration: How often are particular periods characterised as enlightened and prosperous, simply from a partial survey of the aspect of affairs! Take the era of Elizabeth. “There was, perhaps, a learned and vigorous monarch, and there were Cecils and Walsinghams, and Shakespeares and Spensers, and Sidneys and Raleighs, with

many other powerful thinkers and actors, to render it the proudest age of our national glory. And we thoughtlessly admit on our imagination this splendid exhibition as in some measure involving or implying the *collective state of the people in that age*.\* And how much pernicious error has, in like manner, resulted from admitting the impression that every wise man has been always wise, every great man always great, and every good man always good.

Next falls to be noticed the *assuming of premises as the basis of a conclusion really identical with it, or the employing of two propositions alternately, the one to prove the other*. This is called reasoning in a circle. Thus, "some mechanicians attempt to prove (what they ought to lay down as a probable but doubtful hypothesis) that every particle of matter gravitates equally; 'why?' because those bodies which contain more particles ever gravitate more strongly, that is, are heavier. 'But (it may be urged), those which are heaviest are not always more bulky.' 'No; but still they contain more particles, though more closely condensed.' 'How do you know that?' 'Because they are heavier.' 'How does that prove it?' 'Because all particles of matter gravitating equally, that mass which is specifically the heaviest must needs have the more of them in the same space';"† which first is just the point for which proof is demanded.

Once more: *It may be assumed that a position must be false because of certain consequences supposed to follow from it*. These consequences may not follow. The truth of Galileo's astronomical theory did not infer the falsehood of the Scriptures, but merely the falsehood of the received interpretation of them. *Or they may follow, and the position still be tenable*. To have alleged that Galileo's theory was inconsistent with the Ptolemaic system of the universe, would have been true, but nugatory.

To the same head we may refer the *argumentum ad hominem*, or reasoning addressed to individual opinions, circumstances, &c., when unfairly employed; and all similar appeals to the prejudices and passions.

The above is not offered as a complete list of all the cases which we think resolvable into the fallacy of assumption, but merely as an index to its more common varieties. An adroit sophist will sometimes, without recourse to any other disguise than that of well-feigned perplexity, palm upon us, wholly unconscious of deception, a statement which, but for this artifice, had been the first to be tested. Perhaps the most memorable example on record of this species of legerdemain is that of the inquiry addressed by some wag to the Royal Society. That body was required to assign the reason why a vessel of water became no heavier by the merger of a live fish; and, instead of proceeding to ascertain the reality of the alleged fact, the members betook themselves to the hopeless task of inventing hypotheses to account for it.

The fallacy of irrelevant conclusion appears in two shapes.

First, A position may be proved *altogether different from that which ought to be established*, although the sophist designs it to be mistaken for the other. Thus Horne Tooke, in the *Diversions of Purley*, would have us infer the falsity of our common notions respecting the first principles of morals, by showing that the terms *right, just, true, only point*, if their etymology be consulted, to what is *ordered, commanded, forced*. But to prove this is by no means tantamount to proving that there are no such things as immutable morality and eternal truth. Byron is reported to have said, that "he had met with so many whose conduct differed from the principles they professed, and who seemed to profess those principles either because they were paid to do so, or from some other motive which an intimate acquaintance with their character would enable one to detect, that altogether he had seen few, if any, whom he could rely upon as truly and conscientiously believing the Scriptures;" Was not this conclusion intended to be taken as equivalent to another—namely, that there were few persons in the world sincerely entertaining these convictions?

Secondly, The proof of part of a position may be substituted for proof of the whole. Thus, if an insufficient argument, accompanied by several valid ones, be detached from the rest, and refuted singly, the sophist may plausibly insinuate that he has done enough to destroy the entire body of evidence. Or, again, to prove that certain inconveniences attach to a particular system, or that certain defects adhere to a particular institution, may with many minds pass as equivalent to the position that the system should be abandoned and the institution abolished. Instances of such artifices must occur readily to every one.

On the advantages of systematic acquaintance with the various modes of false reasoning, it is not our purpose to dilate. While rules on this head may to some be useless, and to others perhaps superfluous; while dullness may often fail to grasp, and genius sometimes dart ahead of them—

"Seizing each point by native force of mind,  
While puzzled Logic blunders far behind" —

to the medium order of spirits, at least, if thoroughly studied and habitually applied, they will infallibly

prove of essential service. To the speciosities of error every man is occasionally exposed; and he will usually find it his wisdom to provide himself with the means of detecting and disarming them.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### TIME FOR PAYING WAGES.

THE paying of wages to working men is a very simple matter, yet it is seldom properly performed. The custom is for the employer to keep the money in his hands till late on Saturday evening, and then pay it over to his men. A monstrous injustice is perpetrated by retaining wages in this manner till the very close of the last day of the week. On Saturday night all the regular markets are terminated, and workmen and their wives are therefore either compelled to put up with the leavings of all the rest of the community, or to buy from a class of shops in which articles are dearer than in those of a first-rate order. For our part, we cannot see why an operative should not have it in his power to lay out his income of twenty shillings weekly, with as much mercantile advantage as any gentleman who lays out ten times the sum. Just let any person, in easy circumstances, fancy the idea of postponing his weekly supplies of food, and other articles in common use, till seven or eight o'clock on the Saturday night, and then sallying forth among all sorts of mean establishments, picking up goods, at not only an advance on regular prices, but generally of an inferior quality. And yet the practice of paying wages on Saturday evenings dooms thousands of families to this comfortless and thrifless mode of procedure. We repeat, it is fraught with injustice, and should at once be every where abolished.

But the practice is attended with worse results. It has a decided tendency to demoralise, and is now, in point of fact, demoralising no small portion of the working-classes. Saturday night brings with it a certain holiday humour. No work is to be done on the morrow, and we may give ourselves up to a little recreation. This recreation, it is almost unnecessary to say, takes too frequently the form of drinking exhilarating beverages—in short, from less to more, the man, forgetful of home and its demands, gets tipsy. The result is well known. The condition of some of our large towns on Saturday night and Sunday morning is fearful. Mr Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, says, in one of his works, that in Glasgow "from ten to twenty thousand workmen are more or less intoxicated every Saturday, and for most part of Sunday." Think of a town with ten thousand men drunk in it at one time. Against the demoralisation produced by this state of things, the most ingeniously contrived schemes, for the benefit of the lower orders, can scarcely make head. Yet it is worth while making an effort. We are far from saying that the payment of wages on Friday would produce sobriety, but we feel assured it would contribute largely to that result; for the obligation to return to work on Saturday would lessen the desire to go astray, and a habit of refraining from indulgence, on receiving wages, would have its due weight in improving the general habits of the individual.

Little more need be said on this not unimportant subject. The conductors of the present sheet have long followed the practice of paying all who are in their employment on Friday afternoon, and, as they believe, with benefit to the persons concerned. We should be glad to find the same plan generally followed; and, in particular, recommend the subject to the consideration of all societies designed to promote temperance and social order.

##### MUSICAL EDUCATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

The beneficial effects of music in allaying bad passions and eliciting the better attributes of the human mind, have been long acknowledged. If it be an exaggeration to say that it "hath charms to soothe the savage breast, to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak;" at least it is admitted to have a genial influence upon our nature. It remained for the present age to bring into practice the theory of instructing the masses in this delightful science. Formerly, the study of it was confined to the rich, the educated, and those who cultivated it for their daily bread; but within a recent period an attempt was made by Joseph Mainzer, an enlightened German, to inspire the working-classes on the Continent, and the people generally, with a taste for singing. He was so successful at Paris, that he had numerous classes of labouring men, who, after a short period, were able to sing in harmony with great power and precision.

Within the past year, M. Mainzer came to England, and, by dint of perseverance, aided by genius and industry, he has succeeded in establishing classes for the instruction of labouring men in singing. There are now daily classes in London; and it augurs favourably of the good sense and intelligence of the people, to be able to say that they have joined these classes in great numbers, and in a short time have made very rapid progress in the first principles of harmony. About a month ago, there was a gathering of all the classes at the Music-Hall, Stone Street, Bedford Square, and the efficiency exhibited by the pupils gave great satisfaction to a number of musical and literary celebrities, who were specially invited to be witnesses of M. Mainzer's success in developing and forwarding the musical capabilities of the multitude. The number of singers

was nearly twelve hundred. They executed the national anthem with great precision and effect; and, indeed, upon few occasions has such a powerful and well-organised chorus been brought together. Although some of the pupils had not received more than two months' instruction, yet difficult pieces of music were admirably executed by them.

A system by which uncultivated men may sing beautifully in chorus, although three months before they did not know a single note, must naturally excite some attention, and we think that a brief explanation of the mode adopted by M. Mainzer must prove of interest to our readers. As soon as the elementary course is finished, a second or superior class is immediately formed, so as to conduct the pupils to the higher branches of the science. The first course consists of fifteen lessons, at the end of which the pupils can sing choruses in a very creditable manner. They manifest great energy and enthusiasm. Many of them will teach their companions so far as they themselves have proceeded, and then bring them to the classes. One person, a woman, comes thirty miles every week to receive a lesson. Many of the pupils attend two or three classes in the course of the week. One workman, in particular, attends a class every night. Six nights in the week does this industrious individual come to the various class-rooms, distant four, five, and six miles from each other. By way of proof of the estimation in which M. Mainzer is held by his pupils, we may mention that he frequently receives addresses of thanks, letters, and complimentary poetry from them, which, if not exhibiting much literary ability, yet manifest much honest gratification and gratitude. The manual employed by M. Mainzer for the instruction of his pupils, is a book of his own, called *Singing for the Millions*, the lessons of which are on an easy and progressive scale, by means of which the study is much simplified. Within a recent period, a small publication has been established, under the auspices of M. Mainzer, called the *National Circular*, the object of which is to record the progress of his system, and its effects upon his pupils.

From the very commencement of M. Mainzer's labours, there seems to have been a due appreciation of the value of his system. For instance, at the Mechanics' Institution, the following was the ratio of the increase of his pupils. On the first evening, the number was 120; on the second, 250; on the third, 350; on the fourth, 400; and we are happy to say that the number continues progressively to increase.

The intention of M. Mainzer is to give periodical festivals, where the classes will assemble in the same manner as upon the occasion alluded to in Stone Street. The progress of the working-classes in musical education will there be fairly and fully developed. It is almost impossible to conceive how much good will be effected by giving to the artisan such enabling pleasures, instead of the degrading ones to which, in too many instances, he now has recourse. The absence of musical taste, and an ignorance of the solid pleasure and improvement to be derived from the cultivation of the science, have long been a reproach to England, enlightened as she is. M. Mainzer, however, seems destined to remove this blot from our intellectual reputation.

M. Mainzer has already established a class at Brighton, and it is his intention to do the same in other provincial towns. At Brighton, he has been quite as successful as in the metropolis. His classes at Brighton increase in numbers, and the journals of that town attest the fact of the rapid progress of his pupils in the art of singing. Six hundred persons of all ranks, from humble mechanics to exalted fashionables, attended his very first lecture. It is not our intention at present to enter at length upon the doctrine which M. Mainzer professes; but we may remark, that his theory is shortly this. He contends that Nature has not only given to every human being a voice, but that each individual, if he cultivate that voice properly (and it may be done with ease), may become a good singer. It is true that some people have a finer voice than others, but he maintains that all may improve their voice, and acquire what is called an ear for music, by practice. The faculty of voice is, as he contends, susceptible of a higher or lower degree of development, by means of more or less practice. The truth of this theory has been demonstrated to a great extent by the progress which M. Mainzer's pupils have made. But to return to M. Mainzer's labours at Brighton.

He explained, at one of his lectures in that town, that all persons could make one tone, and this was *sol* (G in the treble clef), and this he called the speaking note. He made his pupils sing this note five times in a bar. They then rose one tone, to *la* (A, treble clef); after exercising them, they proceeded to *si* (B, the major third), and so to *do* (C, the fourth). They were then exercised in the scale downwards, and they effected all his lessons with great ease. M. Mainzer then illustrated the use of *time*, which he did in a peculiar mode. He does not use the old terms of breve, semibreve, crotchets, &c., but calls them *whole notes*, *half notes*, *quarter notes*, &c.

We have thus given an outline of M. Mainzer's system, the chief point of which is the attempt to teach persons to sing scientifically from notes, with as much ease as they are taught to read. His system is addressed principally to the humbler classes, from the excessive cheapness of the terms, which do not exceed the sum of three-halfpence per lesson.

\* Foster's *Essay on Popular Ignorance*.

† Whately's *Logic*.

‡ Moore's *Byron*, vol. vi.

Into the difficult question of the capability of the human voice, we do not propose to enter; contenting ourselves with repeating the principle for which M. Mainzer contends, that the register or compass of every one's voice may, by care, attention, and perseverance, be so regulated or improved as to enable all to sing with a certain degree of proficiency. Singing is certainly a beautiful accomplishment; and, if, as M. Mainzer says, there is no nation on the Continent where the people possess such fine musical voices as he meets with among the workmen in England, it is not too much to anticipate that he will not be deceived in his desire to found a popular school of music, which may lead to the extensive dissemination of a taste for music among the labouring population of this country.

#### A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

##### BADEN-EN-SUISSE TO ZURICH.

THIS was a short journey. A forenoon's ride from the baths of Baden, by a road pursuing the left bank of the Limmat, brought us to Zurich. A part of the country through which we passed still belonged to the canton of Argau, which, occupying a situation between Basle and Zurich, is distinguished chiefly for its agriculture and the abundance of its fruits and vegetables. The slips of level in the valley of the Limmat were under active processes of husbandry; farm-establishments and cottages were here and there passed; and the eye, glancing upwards, travelled over sloping hill-sides covered to the top with the richest verdure, and dotted over with green bushy trees. Pleased as we were with the various evidences of rural prosperity, our feelings were ever and anon jarred on seeing the utter slovenliness of affairs about the farm-houses and villages, indicating at least an ignorance of the value of some of the best kinds of manures. As in Alsace, the cows were the chief beasts of draught, and women were everywhere engaged in the most degrading labour in the fields. The ladies of our party were full of lamentations on this subject, and their feelings were altogether overcome on seeing two aged female labourers come from an adjoining field, and soak at a pump a lump of brown bread, which they sat down and ate by the wayside.

The mean condition remarked in the exclusively agricultural or pastoral districts, disappears as we approach the large towns, where some kind of manufacturing industry introduces a degree of wealth and substantial comfort among all classes of the people. This is particularly observable in approaching Zurich. The beautiful slopes become sprinkled with detached cottages and houses, whitewashed and tastefully ornamented; and, with the numerous bushy enclosures and fruit-trees, the whole district seems a garden or orchard. At noon, we arrived at the environs of the town, and in a few minutes afterwards were established at a house of enormous size, the Hotel Bauer, opposite a suite of splendid new buildings, in which are contained the post and diligence offices. Zurich has a very different appearance from Basle. It is situated on nearly level ground, at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name, the chief issue of water from which being the Limmat, already spoken of, and which, a broad heavy stream, flows through the centre of the town. The Sihl, a lesser stream, from an adjacent hilly group, passes along the side of the town, at the entrance from Basle, and soon after joins the Limmat. Until a few years ago, the place was surrounded by walls, and being therefore prevented from expanding, the streets were densely clustered together, and built without any regard to regularity. At the period of our visit, an entire change had taken place in this respect. The walls had been demolished and swept away; some open pleasure-grounds and promenades had been established on their site; new streets of elegant buildings were opening up; and the environs, in all directions, particularly along the face of the neighbouring green hills, were in the course of being gradually studded over with the mansions of the higher class of citizens. Zurich is thus quite in a state of transition; old clumsy edifices are making way for handsome new erections, and the confined thoroughfares along the margin of the lake are widening and giving room for ranges of substantial broad quays, like those of a seaport town.

No small degree of good taste has been manifested in executing a number of these necessary reforms. The new streets are broad and well paved, open spaces have been reserved for public convenience, and an old rampart, at the entrance to the town, near our hotel, we found to be laid out as a flower-garden, from the summit of which is obtained a commanding view of the broad sheet of lake stretching ten or twelve miles southward, between beautifully wooded and cottage-clad hills, and bounded by the alpine heights of Glarus. Favoured by weather of superlative beauty, and surrounded by objects of the deepest interest, the time we spent here was employed to the best possible advantage. Some of my inquiries were of a nature which required me to pursue them alone; but the ladies, though left behind, had ample means of amusement in examining the various articles of Swiss produce in the shops; and if disinclined to go out, they could ascend to the flat roof of the hotel, and there, as on a terrace, obtain the most splendid views of the lake and surrounding country. A knowledge that such a place as this was at the command of visitors,

was gained from a printed placard affixed to the back of our bed-room doors; and as this office was something curious in its way, we took the liberty of copying it. Here it is: "Zurich—capital of the canton, the oldest and most important manufacturing town of Switzerland, distinguished above all others for prosperous industry and natural situation, may by reason be called the most agreeable stay. Nowhere we find a more healthsome state of atmosphere than here, and scarcely travellers will find in no place of Switzerland more diversion. Without trouble, inconvenience, or danger, they enjoy on every points the most delightful view upon the lake and the chain of the Alps. But also the internal part of the town offers many interesting things, and, finally, a quantity of industrial, medical, and instructive establishments. The new builded hospital, the building for blinds, and deafs, and dumbs, are very beautiful, and deserve to be seen. Travellers having no time to see the already named points of view, will indemnify themselves for the loss by visiting the Belvedere of the hotel, which likes a walk (containing 300 feet in the length, and 16 in the broad); nothing can be more delightful than this view. On this Belvedere of the hotel travellers find every comfort for refreshment, dejeuners, tea in the evening; every thing is wound up by means of a mechanism." Not a bad specimen of English, it will be allowed, for a Swiss. If the reader ever goes to Zurich, we recommend him to fix his residence in this new establishment, which excels in cleanliness, airiness, and comfort.

By the kindness of a friend in England, I was favoured with an introduction to Mr Escher, junior, partner with his father in one of the largest, if not the very largest, engineering establishments in Switzerland. This concern is situated at about half a mile from the centre of the town, on the right bank of the Limmat, the large body of water of that beautiful river—equal in volume, I should think, to the Tweed at Kelso—being the agent of moving force to the machinery. The establishment is not contained in one but a number of houses, of different sizes, suitable to the nature of the work, and is more like a little town than a single factory. At the period of my visit, it gave employment to 800 men, the greater part of whom were Germans and Swiss, with some English—the whole superintended by Mr Lloyd, an Englishman, with whom I had some conversation. Conducted over the whole of the works, I found every thing on a scale resembling that of the most effective engine factories of Manchester or Leeds. First, we were shown the enormous water-wheels by which all the interior mechanism is moved; and then, one after the other, were shown the foundry for iron and brass—the large hall in which planing machines are smoothing the surfaces of huge masses of iron or turning cylinders—the various floors on which are being made every kind of apparatus for spinning flax, silk, or cotton—a place in which the scattered parts are assembled and put together—and, lastly, the warehouse, in which a number of men are busy packing the machinery for distant parts of Switzerland and neighbouring countries. The Messrs Escher, I was informed, furnish machines for factories in Austria, the north of Italy, and northern Germany; and, as far as I am able to judge, the mechanism in preparation was as strong and tastefully finished as anything of the kind turned out from our English factories. It required but a glance at such a concern to feel that the days of English supremacy in manufacturing industry were fast melting away. Machines, of every description, can here be made, in, in some cases, a superior structure to what can be executed in England; for, here, the maker is fettered by no patent privileges, and he can therefore combine improvements which no individual English manufacturer dare attempt to unite.

This is only one of many manufacturing establishments in and about Zurich. The canton takes the lead in Swiss manufactures; its principal article is silk goods, the raw material being imported with little trouble from Italy, and here spun, dyed, and woven into various kinds of tissues. A few years ago, there were 853 manufactories in the canton, of which 128 were spinning-mills, 7 calenders, 3 card manufactories, 2 thread mills, and 8 engineering works. The weaving of silk is entirely in the hands of hand-loom weavers, of whom there are supposed to be 12,000 or 13,000 in constant employment, mostly within a few miles of Zurich. It is proper here to mention a distinct peculiarity of this class of operatives in Switzerland. They do not huddle up into mean dwellings in towns, but disperse themselves over a certain district of country, in separate cottages, each cottage being provided with a garden and small piece of ground, on which the industry of the man and his family is exerted. The diligence with which the families of Swiss workmen pursue their labours in and out of doors at these rural retreats, is spoken of by all travellers as a kind of wonder, and in the neighbourhood of Zurich it appears in its most captivating form. Passing along the western bank of the lake, and wandering up the slopes of the Alp, we perceive numerous clusters of cottages, inhabited principally by weavers, from which the sounds of the shuttle are heard to proceed. Here, as elsewhere, the cottages are chiefly of wood, but substantial, and are generally ornamented with vines climbing to the pendant eaves of the roof. All around are patches of garden, or small enclosed fields, sufficient, probably, to pasture a goat, with some ground under crops of potatoes. It is evident that the sub-

sistence of the inhabitants is derived from a union of agricultural with manufacturing pursuits. If the husband is at the loom, his wife is out of doors at the potato ridges, a girl is winding bobbins, and a boy is attending the goat; baby leads the only secure life, and is seen sprawling at his ease on a cushion laid on the ground at a short distance from the mother. The keeping of pigs is also an almost universal practice. It may be asked, what is the amount of wages realised weekly? From all I have been able to learn, the wages of a silk or ribbon weaver are seldom above 6s. per week, and frequently not more than 4s. 6d. Cheap as most articles are, it would be impossible to make such a sum serve for a family, unless great frugality were employed, and a part of the subsistence drawn from the garden, the field, the pig, and the goat. Estimating this branch of the workman's revenue at 3s., the entire earnings cannot be made more than 9s. weekly; and for this, all the members of the family, baby excepted, give their labour. I had heard so much of the comforts of the Swiss operative manufacturers, particularly the weavers, that I was most solicitous to ascertain in what respect their opportunities of well-being differed from those of our workmen in England. After making all proper allowances, it appeared to me that the contrast between the mass of British operatives and that of the Swiss, is very much the same as we might institute between the British working man of the present day and the British working man of a century ago. The time has been with us when the bulk of the people lived in a more simple fashion than they now do—enjoyed no luxuries, wrought hard, lived frugally, made every thing tell and cost nothing, eking out the ostensible gains of industry with the profits of a garden or a cow, and so forth. The small farmer in Scotland, seventy years ago, mended his plough-harness or his own shoes in the evenings, sitting by the winter fire, his wife spinning by his side. There was in this system a certain homely comfort; there was simplicity and content; the moral state of a community in such circumstances, if it included few brilliant virtues, was free from gross vices, and habits generative of poverty. How far it has been well exchanged for higher wages with higher desires and a life spent in less pure and simple circumstances, I will not take it upon me to say; but such a state, I conceive, is that of the Swiss workman of the present day. He realises small wages; but he employs his spare hours in making his own and his family's clothes, and his wife and children are all productive in some humble way, so that, being frugal and easily contented, the family never are ill off. The difference, then, depends very much on merely moral conditions. In Scotland alone, it is calculated that above £4,000,000 per annum are spent on whisky—a source, not of comfort, but of moral degradation. The bulk of the community of the country are poorer by this sum year by year. Now, I question if £100,000 are spent on exhilarating liquors annually amongst the equal population of Switzerland.

The whole political condition of Switzerland is cast in the same simple mould as the condition of a single family. Its twenty-two cantons unite in a republican government, which is cheaply, and upon the whole smoothly, conducted, studying in all things the express and immediate benefit of the whole people. The taxes are light, and there is no exalted class to produce a constant straining after imaginary happiness amongst those below. The government follows the principles of free trade. It has no customhouse establishment, either in reference to the general frontiers or the frontiers of the respective states; the only impediment to the transport of goods of any description, in any direction, is the extraction of tolls, at the rate of about one penny per hundredweight, for the benefit of the cantonal revenues, from which, however, the roads are kept in repair. At all the great outlets from Switzerland, strong bodies of *dominiers*, or armed customhouse officers, are stationed by the authorities of other nations, for the purpose of rigorously examining and taxing all articles that come out of the Swiss territory; but within the Swiss side of these outlets there are no officials to pay the least attention to any thing that comes into the country; and, in point of fact, the French, Germans, and other neighbours, export to Switzerland whatever goods they please, including all kinds of foreign produce, without being charged any duty whatever. This very remarkable state of things is partly ascribable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. Another cause, perhaps, is the vast expense which would be necessarily incurred by attempting to watch a widely extended boundary beset by active contrabandists. It is at the same time but fair to state, that in all the deliberations of the Swiss authorities for a number of years, there appears to have been a great unanimity of feeling on the propriety of abstaining from restrictions on commerce. A committee appointed by the diet in 1833, to consider the subject of foreign relations, made the following report, one of the most extraordinary ever uttered by the members of a legislative body:—

"First—The Swiss confederation shall irrevocably adhere to its established system of free trade and ma-

nufacture. Second—Under no circumstances and no conditions shall it form a part of the French custom-house system, of the Prussian commercial league, or the customhouse line of any foreign nation. Third—It shall use every effort for the establishment and extension of the principles of free trade. Fourth—It shall, as far as possible, discuss and establish conventions with the neighbouring states for the disposal of agricultural and vineyard produce and cattle, for obtaining the free ingress of corn, and for maintaining the daily, reciprocal, economical, neighbouring, and border traffic and market transactions. Fifth—Wherever a free trade is not obtainable, it shall endeavour to remove all prohibitions, to lower duties, and to secure the power of transit on the most favourable terms. Sixth—When exceptional favours can be obtained, they shall be used for the advancement of those measures which lead to the accomplishment of the ends proposed; so, however, that exchanges be not thereby limited, nor personal liberty interfered with. Seventh—In the interior of Switzerland, it shall make every exertion to assist industry, and to remove impediments to intercourse, taking care, however, that it do not interfere with the personal concerns of merchants or manufacturers."

All restrictions on the importation of articles from other countries being thus removed, it might be supposed by some that the country would be deluged with foreign manufactures, greatly to the injury of native capitalists and workmen. But this does not appear to be the case. In several branches of manufacture the Swiss excel, and the opportunity of buying certain kinds of foreign produce, at a particularly cheap rate, enables the people to encourage the growth of other manufactures in their own country. The peasant who buys an English-made knife at half what he could buy a Swiss one for, has a half of his money remaining wherewith to purchase a native-made ribbon; hence, Swiss manufactures of one kind or other are sure to be encouraged. From all that I could either see or hear, my impression is, that the liberty to import foreign articles is of no sort of consequence to the native producers; the truth is, comparatively few foreign-made goods are seen, either in shops or on the persons of the people. The bulk of the Swiss, it would appear, clothe themselves in materials made by the hand in their own humble dwellings; and what they buy must be substantial and worth the money. English-printed calicoes are rarely seen, although they are much lower priced than those of Switzerland, because the people have no confidence in the durability of the colours. The Swiss goods of this class are not only beautiful, but strong and durable in colour—qualities now rarely found in the produce of English factories. There are articles called Swiss prints sold in Zurich; but we were informed by a manufacturer in Zurich that he did not believe a single piece ever was sent to this country, the whole that were passed off as Swiss being mere counterfeits. I am unable to say with what degree of truth this allegation was made; but it is very certain that the growing trahshiness of quality of most English tissues is excluding them from the only open market in Europe.

The manufacturing industry of Switzerland in some measure takes its tone from the distinctions of race in the population. The Germans engage in the manufacture of iron, linens, silk, cotton, pottery, and some kinds of toys; while the French, from their superior artistic tastes, employ themselves in making watches, jewellery, musical boxes, and other elegant objects. Iron of a superior quality is found in one of the cantons, and coal is also dug, but it is of stony quality, and wood forms the chief fuel. Salt is now made within the canton of Basle, and in the Valais. From the prevalence of rapid running streams, there is an abundance of water power in almost all quarters, and therefore little expense is incurred for forces to turn machinery.

When we consider that Switzerland has not a single sea-port, no foreign political connexion, no flag to protect its external interests, and can neither import nor export goods except by paying duties and tolls through one or other of the surrounding states, it seems surprising how such a country can carry on any foreign trade at all with advantage. The power possessed by their neighbours of laying tolls on the transit of goods to or from the Swiss frontiers, is certainly a serious drawback on the prosperity of the republic; and there cannot be a doubt that if France, Rhenish Germany, Austria, and Sardinia, were combining to ruin the trade of Switzerland, they could very easily do so. Hitherto, these surrounding countries have acted on the reasonable principle of competing against each other, in order to secure a share of the transit, and until the German league is drawn round this independent little country, there need be no fear of its being shut out from the field of general commerce. As the case is, it says much for the energy of the Swiss that they can bear up against a long land-carriage to and from sea-ports. No man can see unmoved the large waggons, drawn by six or eight horses, and loaded with bales of cotton, slowly toiling up the country from Mayence, to which the cotton has been brought by barges on the Rhine from Rotterdam, with the design of being carried to some remote manufactory in Zurich. There is a persevering enterprise in this that exceeds all ordinary conceptions of industry. But other difficulties have to be encountered. The expense of transport, when

the raw material has reached the borders of the mountain country, is greatly increased. The roads are generally excellent, but some of the seats of manufacture are placed at the height of from two to three thousand feet above the level of the sea; and in certain districts the snow closes all communication for traffic from November till March. Great as are these complicated drawbacks, the Swiss manufacturers defy them, by dint, it appears to me, chiefly of two circumstances—first, cheapness of labour, which enables them to undersell the English every where in good articles, and to withstand competition from every other quarter; second, abundance of capital, stable social institutions, the absence of a class of mere speculators, and the presence of a sufficient number of skilful labourers. How far the freedom of trade directly operates, I cannot say; it must at least be a negative advantage. Yet the manufacturing prosperity of Switzerland, I am assured, depends immediately on the above circumstances, most of which, it will be observed, are connected with peculiarities in the national character—their frugality, prudence, skill, and general habits of life. The case may be said to be exactly that of one of those poor but frugal and industrious families amongst ourselves, who make a livelihood by keeping cows and selling the milk; and who, in consequence of all the family working at some part of the business, and being content with small gains and simple living, can (as has been proved by experience) successfully compete with milk companies, highly organised and conducted by enlightened but also highly paid functionaries.

I have learned, with some regret, that the seeds of change are considered to be already sown in the trafficking system of Switzerland. There is a party who conceive that the time must come when it will be impossible to maintain the Swiss manufactures in their present advantageous condition—foreseeing, probably, that workmen will become less easily contented, and that the simplicity and good faith of the whole system must give way; and this party are favourable to a union with the German league.

#### RECENT EXPERIMENTS AT MANCHESTER.

THERE have been some curious exhibitions at the Manchester Athenaeum, to show that the phenomena of what is commonly called Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism, can be produced by means quite independent of any external influence. Mr Braid, a surgeon, is the person who has brought forward this proposition, and endeavoured to prove it. His first exhibition, which took place on the 27th of November, was numerously attended. It appears that M. Lafontaine, the Belgian mesmerist, had been exhibiting at Manchester a week before, and had set Mr Braid's brain a-working on the subject. His knowledge of the organisation of the eye suggested to him a physiological cause for the phenomena; and he lost no time in proceeding to experiment, with a view to proving if such was the case. He considered his success so great, that he resolved to come before the public with his views.

At the meeting, five persons voluntarily submitted to this new kind of mesmerism. A small but distinct and conspicuous object being placed above the level of the eye, Mr Braid directed his subjects to regard it with a steady gaze: the stopper of a bottle was the first object which he employed; afterwards he bound a long cork upon their foreheads, in the manner of a horn, desiring them to fix their gaze upon its outer extremity. Generally, their eyes closed in about a minute, some in less, Mr Braid standing all the time at a considerable distance. In this condition, though retaining, apparently, their ordinary consciousness, they had no power to open their eyes; but Mr Braid enabled them to do so by merely a slight rubbing of the eyelids. In one instance, the patient remained unaffected, in consequence, Mr Braid alleged, of his being disturbed by noise, and not keeping his gaze steadily fixed. The phenomena do not appear on this evening to have been carried any farther. A discussion took place amongst the medical men present, some of whom were mesmerists; and it was the general opinion that some of the mesmeric conditions had been produced by Mr Braid's plan, but that some of the more wonderful were wanting. Mr Braid persisted in declaring that he considered the two classes of phenomena as identical.

A week after, he repeated his demonstrations in the same place, and on this occasion the wonders presented were of a somewhat more striking kind. He had, in the mean time, allowed some of the subjects of his experiments to remain a little longer in the unusual condition into which they had been brought. The consequence was a congestion of the brain, attended by an astonishing increase of sensibility, insomuch that they obeyed every slightly indicated wish of the operator, and could distinctly hear the faintest whisper. He had produced this cataleptic state in forty cases, without a single failure. He now believed that persons might in such a condition see with their eyes shut, the excessive sensibility enabling the organ to act by means of the small quantity of light passing through the lids. On this occasion, he placed five persons on the platform, who, by looking at corks planted horn-wise on their foreheads, became affected in spaces of time varying from a quarter of a minute to three minutes. "All the five subjects," says the report, "were then placed in postures of the most

singular and ludicrous character: the hands of some were uplifted as if praying; others held them forward as if blind, and seeking some one; and the remarkable ease with which every limb was raised and fixed in its position, was very striking."

Desirous to test how far the will of one of the subjects (a girl) could be exercised in obedience to his requests, Mr Braid desired her to rise. She did so, although apparently asleep and her eyes closed. He then, by gentle entreaties, induced her to walk along the platform, which she did, with those peculiar characteristics of caution and care which are described as displayed by somnambulists. This was altogether a very striking experiment—one which Mr Braid said he had never tried before that moment; he had, indeed, never seen this patient till two days ago. He then asked her to curtsey, which she did, and in a low voice answered several questions which he put to her. On being afterwards restored to her usual state, this girl said that she recollects walking and being asked questions, and felt as in a dream. She was afterwards mesmerised in the manner of M. Lafontaine, and in this state, though her eyes were closed, on being asked if she saw what Mr Braid had in his hand (it was a glass rod), answered "Yes," and to the query "What is it?" answered "Glass." Another female, Mr Braid's cook, who was put into the cataleptic state by gazing, on being pricked by a pin, manifested no sense of pain. Mr Braid ventured on this occasion to assert, with increased confidence, his opinion, that the effects of his experiments were identical with those of ordinary mesmerism; and the scepticism on this point, of those who tested his experiments, appeared to be considerably diminished. The girl who had been in both conditions, declared that she knew no difference in the sensations she experienced under them respectively. It seemed the general opinion, that the two classes of experiments, if not in all respects identical, were at least closely analogous. Mr Braid took occasion to warn his audience against carrying these experiments too far; as, amongst inexperienced persons, considerable danger might ensue. At the same time, it was worthy of remark, that a remedial effect had resulted from them in the case of an invalid young lady under his care—an effect which he had not expected, but which had determined him to prosecute the inquiry with a view to the benefit of mankind.

At a third exhibition, a few days after the second, a still greater number of persons were thrown into the cataleptic state by following Mr Braid's directions. One of these, a Mr Cope, who had been mesmerised by M. Lafontaine, and had hitherto been incredulous as to Mr Braid's system, declared afterwards that in the two conditions he was conscious of no difference. No attempt was made to ascertain if Mr Braid's subjects possessed any portion of that power of seeing without the ordinary use of the sense which some of the mesmeric subjects have professed to have. But, certainly, in many of the phenomena, as they were felt by the subjects and witnessed by the spectators, a strong resemblance existed to those of mesmerism. It may still, of course, remain doubtful how far subjects affected in the Braid fashion are not in reality under the influence of that same magnetism which the mesmerists suppose to be the agent in their class of phenomena—as also how far the groups of people operated on in the Manchester Athenaeum are not under some of those sympathetic passions which have produced such strange effects in other cases. It is proper, however, to state Mr Braid's own notion as to the physiological causes of both his own and Mesmer's phenomena. It is, briefly, that by an individual keeping up a steady gaze or fixed stare at an object placed in such a position as to put the greatest number of muscles connected with that organ and its appendages into action, the mind being at the same time necessarily abstracted, congestion takes place in the eye, and a rapid exhaustion of the natural sensibility of the retina and motive nerves of the eye and eyelids. This is reflected on the brain, and from that to the heart and lungs, producing evanescence and consequent sinking in the force and frequency of the heart's action. These conditions lead to congestion of the brain, the proximate cause of the cataleptic condition.

In connexion with the Manchester experiments, we may here introduce some extracts from a letter addressed to us, in consequence of a late paper on mesmerism, by a gentleman of our acquaintance, in whose credit-worthiness as a witness of facts we have all possible reason to place reliance:—"When in London last May, I was invited by a gentleman long known to me, Mr Townsend, to witness some mesmeric experiments at his own house. The subject was a young man, a Belgian, about nineteen years of age, named Egide Earts. Mr T. succeeded, in about ten minutes, in inducing the middle or somnambulistic state, by merely holding the youth's hands and looking steadily in his face. A deep and thick bandage was then placed over the youth's eyes, and the persons present were invited to offer him words, either printed or written, to read. I gave him my own address card and that of a friend who was present; and placing them close to his forehead, with the printed side towards him, he pronounced the words of both with his foreign accent. I turned up in a French book a chapter bearing the odd titles of HUMILITE—MANSUETUDE—PARDON. He did not succeed in naming the two first words, although he said

there were three, and he said the third word was 'Pardon.' The number of the chapter, which was the 30th, expressed in Roman numerals, he said was 'three X's.' From his being evidently illiterate, I should think that he did not understand the import of these three letters. A lady was allowed to take off his bandage, and hold down his eyelids with her middle fingers; when he read whatever was presented him with equal ease, his hesitations being chiefly in those cases where the writing was not plain, or where the words were beyond the range of an illiterate mind. I requested and obtained leave to hold his eyes myself, that I might be perfectly satisfied that he could not possibly use them. For the complete sealing of his ordinary inlets of vision, I can pledge myself. Yet every thing that was presented to him he read with the same ease as before!"

Our correspondent goes on to say—"I happen to be acquainted with an English lady, who, after exhausting medical advice for a severe ailment of three years' duration, was cured, as she conceives, by a prescription from a person in the somnambulistic state. She had lost health to such an extent, that she required to be wheeled about from place to place. Given up in England, she tried the Continent, but there experienced no benefit. After 'suffering many things of many physicians,' she was brought to Paris on her way home, still unable to walk. She was here advised to consult a medical man in whose house dwelt a mesmeric subject, a female, who, in the somnambulistic state, professed to see internal organisation, and to prescribe appropriately for the diseased. The lady at first refused 'to make a fool of herself,' by having recourse to such an oracle; but at length was persuaded to go, though still half-ashamed and wholly incredulous. The doctor brought the somnambule into the room, and, having put her into the mesmeric sleep, desired her to describe the lady's state. She did so promptly and decidedly, distinguishing what was sound from what was sound, and following up the recital by prescribing medicines and a regimen, which, she said, would take some time to show good results, but would ensure a perfect restoration to health.

The lady returned to England, followed punctually the prescription, began to mend, and, within the specified time, was restored to health and strength. This recital I have from one of her most intimate friends, and I have myself seen her in the restored state. Of course, it may be that she would have recovered independently of these circumstances; or it may be that the doctor only took a rather odd way of communicating a prescription which he thought suitable to the case. Still, I would say, there is sufficient unlikelihood in these surmises, to make it desirable that the professed powers of the somnambule should be carefully investigated.

The lady who gave me the above particulars is a believer in mesmerism—that is to say, she has seen a variety of phenomena, which she cannot account for otherwise than by supposing some peculiar action of the nervous system beyond what has hitherto been observed or imagined. In a letter with which she has favoured me, she makes some remarks, which, as they may be beneficial to the mesmerists, I subjoin. 'It has appeared to me,' she says, 'that the great and constantly recurring error of these gentlemen is, that they do not address themselves, as they ought to do, to the benevolent feelings of mankind, but, as they should not do, to their wonder. This, I am well assured, is the rock on which they split. Instead of keeping religiously in view that the object of all their operations should be directly and indirectly the relief of their fellow-men from physical suffering, they try to take the mind, senses, and consent of the spectators by storm, by the exhibition of it is true, new and startling phenomena, but which are generally quite useless to those from whom they are elicited. Such exhibitions injure the cause it is intended they should advance, and moreover deprive us of means which, conscientiously used, for the purpose of cure only, might spare the invalid much and acute suffering.'

#### MR CATLIN ON AMERICA.

##### SECOND NOTICE.

THE work of Mr Catlin upon the American Indians, noticed already in the present work, gives us valuable sketches, from pen and pencil, not only of the human inhabitants, but also of the numerous classes of the lower animals, to be found in the inland wilds of North America. In the previous article, the wild horse of the Indians was alluded to. Mr Catlin, moreover, paints and describes the buffalo of the prairies, and gives several interesting accounts of buffalo hunts, which form the almost daily occupation of the aborigines on the Missouri and elsewhere. The buffalo is gregarious, ranging the prairies in numerous herds. It is of a dark brown colour, larger for the most part than the common domestic ox, and, in the cases of males, sometimes reaching the enormous weight of two thousand pounds. The shoulders of the male are of great breadth and depth, and a long shaggy mane hangs in profusion from the neck, often touching the ground. The horns are short but strong, and having but one slight curve, are most formidable butting weapons. In the female buffalo, the mane is shorter, and the shoulders less massive. Buffalo herds are found in America between the 30th and 55th degrees of north latitude, and from the verge of the western

frontier of the States to the Pacific edge of the Rocky Mountains. These herds follow a leader, some bull which has earned the place of honour by victory in the numerous battles among the males. At particular seasons, these conflicts present a terrible sight, several thousands being occasionally seen engaged in one mêlée, in the midst of the clouds of dust which they have raised. Their conjoined bellowings add to the impressive nature of the scene.

Three hundred thousand Indians, Mr Catlin calculates, not only subsist wholly on the buffalo, but derive from it all the other necessaries, and even many of the luxuries, of life. "The robes of the animals are worn by the Indians instead of blankets; their skins, when tanned, are used as coverings for their lodges and for their beds; undressed, they are used for constructing canoes—for saddles, for bridles, larrés, lasses, and thongs. The horns are shaped into ladles and spoons—the brains are used for dressing the skins—their bones are used for saddle-trees, for war-clubs, and scrapers for graining the robes—and others are broken up for the marrow-fat which is contained in them. Their sinews are used for strings and backs to their bows, for thread to string their beads and sew their dresses. The feet of the animals are boiled, with their hoofs, for the glue they contain, for fastening their arrow-points, and many other uses. The hair from the head and shoulders, which is long, is twisted and braided into halters, and the tail is used for a fly-brush. In this manner do these people convert and use the various parts of this useful animal; and with all these luxuries of life about them, and their numerous games, they are happy—God bless them!—in the ignorance of the disastrous fate that awaits them."

Even on foot, the Indians can, to a certain extent, make prize of the buffalo; and one mode of doing so is by covering their bodies with the skins of wolves, and creeping near the stragglers of the herds, armed with their bows. Though the animal may be torn down by a pack of wolves, it is not afraid of one or two of them, and Mr Catlin saw cases in which an old bull, whose retreat had been cut off, had singly resisted for several days the desperate attacks of a whole pack. The Indians, however, hunt the buffalo, most commonly, on horseback. The following is a sketch of a hunt among the Minatarees, who were mounted, and armed partly with bows and partly with lances. The buffaloes soon snuffed their foes, who had formed a circle round them, and they fled. "To the point where they were aiming to cross the line, the horsemen were seen at full speed gathering and forming in a column, brandishing their weapons and yelling in the most frightful manner, by which means they turned the black and rushing mass, which moved off in an opposite direction, where they were again met and foiled in a similar manner, and wheeled back in utter confusion; by which time the horsemen had closed in from all directions, forming a continuous line around them, whilst the poor affrighted animals were eddying about in a crowded and confused mass, hooking and climbing upon each other, when the work of death commenced.

In this grand turmoil, a cloud of dust was soon raised, which in part obscured the throng where the hunters were galloping their horses around, and driving the whizzing arrows, or the long lances, to the hearts of these noble animals; which, in many instances, becoming infuriated with deadly wounds in their sides, erected their shaggy manes over their blood-shot eyes, and furiously plunged forwards at the sides of their assailants' horses, sometimes goring them to death at a lounge, and putting their dismounted riders to flight for their lives; sometimes their dense crowd was opened, and the blinded horsemen, too intent on their prey amidst the cloud of dust, were hemmed and wedged in amidst the crowding beasts, over whose backs they were obliged to leap for security, leaving their horses to the fate that might await them in the results of this wild and desperate war. Many were the bulls that turned upon their assailants, and met them with desperate resistance; and many were the warriors who were dismounted, and saved themselves by the superior muscles of their legs; some, who were closely pursued by the bulls, wheeled suddenly around, and snatching the part of a buffalo robe from around their waists, threw it over the horns and the eyes of the infuriated beast, and darting by its side, drove the arrow or the lance to its heart. Others suddenly dashed off upon the prairies by the side of the affrighted animals which had escaped from the throng, and closely escorting them for a few rods, brought down their hearts' blood in streams, and their huge carcasses upon the green and enamelled turf.

In this way this grand hunt soon resolved itself into a desperate battle; and, in the space of fifteen minutes, resulted in the total destruction of the whole herd, which in all their strength and fury were doomed, like every beast and living thing else, to fall before the destroying hands of mighty man. I had sat in trembling silence upon my horse, and witnessed this extraordinary scene, which allowed not one of these animals to escape out of my sight. Many plunged off upon the prairie for a distance, but were overtaken and killed; and although I could not distinctly estimate the number that were slain, yet I am sure that some hundreds of these noble animals fell in this grand mêlée."

One other observation of Mr Catlin respecting buffaloes is well worthy of notice, as it may possibly

throw light on the secret of taming horses by whistling, as the Irish call the process. Speaking of very young calf-buffaloes, Mr Catlin tells, that, when they are found apart from their dams, they push their noses into a bush a few inches high, and have the firm persuasion, poor things, that nobody can see them. When approached, they kick, but soon yield; and then "I have often (says our author), in concurrence with a known custom of the country, held my hands over the eyes of the calf, and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our camp, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and as affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things that I have met with in the habits of this wild country; and although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed since I came into the country. During the time that I resided at this post, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, I assisted (in numerous hunts of the buffalo, with the Fur Company's men) in bringing in, in the above manner, several of these little prisoners, which sometimes followed for five or six miles close to our horses' heels, and even into the Fur Company's fort, and into the stable where our horses were led. In this way, before I left for the head waters of the Missouri, I think we had collected about a dozen, which Mr Laidlaw was successfully raising with the aid of a good milk cow, and which were to be committed to the care of Mr Chouteau, to be transported, by the return of the steamer, to his extensive plantation in the vicinity of St Louis." This is really a very curious fact; and, as all the world is at present experimenting in order to unmystify mysteries, we strongly recommend that some one, conveniently circumstanced, should try the preceding process upon our domestic animals. Besides the unveiling of the secret of the whistlers, any one who has seen a calf-driver perspiring under the task of propelling his charge by alternate pushing, pulling, and kicking, will allow that a positive general good would be the result of success. Seriously, the acute sense of smell possessed by most animals, may lead to such effects being produced. Having once inhaled the breath of any one, the creature may track it upon the air, and follow what it remembers and knows.

The Honourable Mr Murray, and other recent travellers in America, have somewhat hastily denied to the Indians the credit of exhibiting unconquerable fortitude under suffering and torture. Mr Catlin's more extended experience made him even painfully aware that their long-standing reputation in this respect was merited to its utmost extent. In a village of the Mandans, he witnessed the ceremonies of torture which this tribe inflict upon themselves under the impression that, the greater endurance they thus show, the more they gain the favour of the Great Spirit. He saw numbers submit, without a shudder, to have large jagged knives passed below the strongest muscles of the chest and limbs, to have skewers inserted, and to be hung up for hours by ropes tied round these. Some ran races with similar skewers in their bodies, and large weights attached to them, which could not be removed without pulling them forcibly through, or allowing them to suppurate out. Some of the Indians first bore the hanging trial, and then ran the race; in addition to all which suffering, they crawled to a block, where the little finger of the left hand was struck off as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Meanwhile, the dignitaries of the tribe are looking on to judge of comparative merit in endurance, and by this trial the sufferer rises or falls as "a brave." Mr Catlin noticed that every great Mandan chief bore marks of having endured, even several times, these horrible ordeals, and some had even sacrificed the little fingers of both hands. Mr Catlin verifies his descriptions by the certificates of three other travellers present at the time. So that if the stoical endurance of pain be a virtue, these poor Indians assuredly possess it.

With a word on the curious burial ceremonies of the Mandan tribe, we must leave this fascinating work. "These people never bury the dead, but place the bodies on slight scaffolds, just above the reach of human hands, and out of the way of wolves and dogs; and they are there left to moulder and decay. Whenever a person dies in the Mandan village, and the customary honours and condolence are paid to his remains, and the body dressed in its best attire, painted, oiled, feasted, and supplied with bow and quiver, shield, pipe, and tobacco, knife, flint, and steel, and provisions enough to last him a few days on the journey which he is to perform, a fresh buffalo's skin, just taken from the animal's back, is wrapped round the body, and tightly bound and wound with thongs of raw hide from head to foot. Then other robes are soaked in water, till they are quite soft and elastic, which are also bandaged round the body in the same manner, and tied fast with thongs, which are wound with great care and exactness, so as to exclude the action of the air from all parts of the body.

There is then a separate scaffold erected for it, constructed of four upright posts, a little higher than human hands can reach; and on the tops of these are small poles passing round from one post to the others; across which lie a number of willow-rods just strong

enough to support the body, which is laid upon them on its back, with its feet carefully presented towards the rising sun. When the scaffolds, on which the bodies rest, decay and fall to the ground, the nearest relations having buried the rest of the bones, take the skulls, which are perfectly bleached and purified, and place them in circles of a hundred or more on the prairie, placed at equal distances apart (some eight or nine inches from each other), with the faces all looking to the centre; where they are religiously protected and preserved in their precise positions from year to year, as objects of religious and affectionate veneration.

There are several of these 'Golgothas,' or circles of twenty or thirty feet in diameter, and in the centre of each ring or circle is a little mound of three feet high, on which uniformly rests two buffalo skulls (a male and female); and in the centre of the little mound is erected a 'medicine pole,' about twenty feet high, supporting many curious articles of mystery and superstition, which they suppose have the power of guarding and protecting this sacred arrangement. Here, then, to this strange place do these people again resort, to evince their further affections for the dead—not in groans and lamentations, however, for several years have cured the anguish, but fond affections and endearments are here renewed, and conversations are here held and cherished with the dead.

Every one of these skulls is set upon a bunch of wild sage, which has been pulled and placed under it. The wife knows, by some mark or resemblance, the skull of her husband or her child, which lies in this group; and there seldom passes a day that she does not visit it, with a dish of the best cooked food that her wigwam affords, which she sets before the skull at night, and returns for the dish in the morning. As soon as it is discovered that the sage on which the skull rests is beginning to decay, the woman cuts a fresh bunch, and places the skull carefully upon it, removing that which was under it.

Independent of the above-named duties, which draw the women to this spot, they visit it from inclination, and linger upon it to hold converse and company with the dead. There is scarcely an hour in a pleasant day, but more or less of these women may be seen sitting or lying by the skull of their child or husband, talking to it in the most pleasant and endearing language that they can use (as they were wont to do in former days), and seemingly getting an answer back. It is not unfrequently the case that the woman brings her needle-work with her, spending the greater part of the day sitting by the side of the skull of her child, chatting incessantly with it, while she is embroidering or garnishing a pair of moccasins; and, perhaps, overcome with fatigue, falls asleep, with her arms encircled round it, forgetting herself for hours, after which she gathers up her things and returns to the village.

There is something exceedingly interesting and impressive in these scenes, which are so strikingly dissimilar, and yet within a few rods of each other; the one is the place where they pour forth the frantic anguish of their souls, and afterwards pay their visits to the other, to jest and gossip with the dead."

#### HOMEY SCOTTISH PICTURES.

The "Gaberlunzie's Wallet" is a title requiring some explanation to an English understanding: it is, literally, the Beggar's Budget. We find it applied to a publication recently commenced, in the form of "Charles O'Malley," but at half the price per number, and of which we have seen the first two detachments. It consists of a narrative, the main purpose of which seems to be to give arrangement to a series of poems and brief prose sketches. The whole style of these is homely, but clever and decidedly original; nor is a strain of kindly pathos wanting—arguing, altogether, an author who is of nobody's school or set, but a man who has got both the will and power to be his own standard. To fortify our recommendation of the work to public notice, we extract what we consider as two pictures of Scottish scenery and feeling, remarkable for truthfulness of representation, while breathing the element of the poetical element.

"Carnwath Muir, or the 'Lang Whang,' as that portion of it is called to which we have occasion more particularly to allude, is situated in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire; and although our Scottish farmers, by dint of hard labour and persevering industry, have succeeded in driving cultivation to the very hill-tops in many parts of our naturally sterile country, and are daily making inroads in every direction on this ancient soil, and a few green crofts, with patches of corn, are to be seen rising here and there, still they form but a small proportion of this extensive morass, the greater part of which has lain undisturbed since the Flood, and, to the eye of a traveller, presents a very dreary and desolate appearance. Immense tracts of brown moorland stretch around you in every direction, adorned, it is true, with bright and beautiful heather, but affording scanty subsistence to the straggling sheep thinly scattered over its surface. Nothing in the shape of a human habitation is to be met with for miles; and, with the exception of the hollow sound of the little rill, stealing along through the soft velvet course in the bosom of the black moss under which it

is hurried, the solitary cry of a plover on the distant hills, or the husky whirr of a blackcock as he brushes past you on the wing, there is nothing living or moving with which you can claim acquaintance or feel sympathy. Nevertheless, this district is not destitute of interest to an enthusiastic Scotsman. There are here and there to be seen clumps of trees and ruined gables, favouring the idea that at one period some of our feudal families may have had their abodes—a supposition strengthened by the fact, that many of the small farm-houses lying amidst the brown moors are dignified with high-sounding and characteristic Scotch names. As might be expected in such a secluded region, the people are primitive in their habits and simple in their manners; the men are robust, bony, and muscular; the women blooming, tall, and graceful. The small-farm system is here in full operation; the farmers and their servants, working and eating together, are upon the most familiar and intimate footing; and it is a very common occurrence for the herd to marry his employer's daughter. Whatever effects this free and friendly intercourse between the employer and employed might have in more artificial states of society, certain it is that, in this natural and unsophisticated mode of life, it is productive of the most beneficial results; labour is lightened by such cheering encouragement, and the servant is anxiously alive at all times to the interest of an employer who treats him as if he were his fellow, and whose family regard him as if he were one of themselves. This principle of mutual assistance being usually acted on, operates very beneficially among all the members of this widely scattered community. They have little intercourse with the world, and, shut up among themselves, they get through the most toilsome operations with comparative ease, assisting each other in ploughing, reaping, sowing, and draining, with the greatest readiness; and, in the words of one of their own songs, exclaiming,

" What though we're few upon the muir,  
We lo'e each other muir;  
An' to the werry wandering puir,  
We're comfortayre to spare."

#### "THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' nature lay dead, save the cauld whistlin' blast,  
That chill'd the bleak earth to the core, as it pass'd,  
And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin' drift,  
That cam' in wreathed swirls frae the white marl'd lift;  
And winter's wild war wearied baith heart and ee,  
As we warld'd richt airn over the drear Muirland lea;  
And our feet skytely back on the road freeling hard,  
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

Oh! a' thing seem'd dead—even the skeleton trees  
Were shivering like death, in the grasp of the breeze;  
And the hills that in sunshine tower'd proudly on high,  
Seem'd shrinking in fear frae the wrath-cower'd sky;  
Nor birdie nor beast could the watery ee scan,  
A' were cowerin' in corners, save grief-laden man:  
Though the heart may be broken, the best manna be spared,  
To make up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee Muirland Kirk, whaur the pure Word o' God,  
Maks warm the cauld heart and maks light the lang road,  
Whaur along the brown footpaths, when summer blooms green,  
The plaidis, gowans, and bonnets, like wild-flowers were seen;  
The aye hill-side yill-house, whaur baes meet lads,  
Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yauds—  
Kirk-bell and house-riggin' the white drift has squared,  
But there's a yawnin' grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

When the coffin is shut, though the mourner may moan,  
The dead winna keep, and we're calm when they're gone;  
For the colourless cheek and the lustreless ee;  
Are a' fitting trophies of death's victory;  
We shrink from the sound of the first dirling clod,  
We long till the grave's cover'd up wi' the sod;  
But skulls griming ghastly, amang the green sward,  
Grin ghastlier still in a Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae elder was known,  
That was likit by a' like my grandfather John;  
Oh, drear was that day when we hore him awa',  
Wi' his gowd stores of thought, and his haiffs o' snaw';  
And the strong and the feeble, the timid and brave,  
Cam' through the black storm, to lay him in his grave;  
I was then a wee callant, rose-cheek'd and gowd hair'd,  
When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Oh, weel do I mind, though its lang, lang sinysne,  
And the world since has cool'd this then warm heart o' mine;  
Yet whiles, when I think on these times lang gane by,  
Soft thoughts soothe my soal and sweet tears dim my eye;  
I see the auld man, when he clapp'd his wee head;  
While a sigh heaved his breast, for my faither lang dead;  
He nursed me, he school'd me, how can I regard  
But wi' warm gushing heart-tears, a Snawy Kirkyard?

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crisp'd my pow,  
And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now;  
And though I can boast neither station nor power,  
I ha'e health for my portion, and truth for my dower;  
For my hand haen been open, my heart haen been free,  
To dry the moist tear-drops frae sorrow's dull ee;  
And mony puir bodies my wallet haen shared—  
Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirkyard.

In his breast there was love, in his soul there was grace,  
That could aye in frail nature some sma' virtue trace;  
In soothin' sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,  
His breath, like the south wind, strew'd balm on the earth;  
And weary souls, laden wi' grief, aften were driven  
To seek comfort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven;  
Oh! sweet were the seeds aown, and rich was the braid  
That sprung frae stock in the Snawy Kirkyard."

#### ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

"The horse knoweth his owner," and he knows much more. I verily believe he knows more than many of the two-legged animals who ride on horseback; and I am quite sure there is more of the spirit of Christianity in his practice than is to be found in many of the bipeds

foresaid. Let me give a few anecdotes of this beautiful and friendly animal. Of a two-horse team belonging to the Earl of —, near Oxford, one was very vicious, the other quite the reverse. In the stall next to the gentle horse, stood one that was blind. In the morning, when the horses, about twenty of them, were turned out to pasture, this good-tempered creature constantly took his blind friend under his protection. When he strayed from his companions, his kind friend would run neighing after, and smell around him, and when recognised, they would walk side by side, until the blind friend was led to the best grass in the field. This horse was so exceedingly gentle, that he had incurred the character of being a coward, when only himself was concerned; but if any of them made an attack upon his blind friend, he would fly to the rescue with such fury, that not a horse in the field could stand against him. This singular instance of sagacity (I had almost said of disinterested humanity) may well put the whole fraternity of horse-jockeys to the blush. They, to be sure, will fight for a brother jockey, whether he is right or wrong; yet they expect him to fight for them on the first similar occasion; but this kind-hearted animal could anticipate no such reciprocity.

Some years ago, the servant of Mr Thomas Walker, of Manchester, England, going to water the carriage-horses at a stone trough which stood at one end of the Exchange, a dog, that was accustomed to lie in the stall with one of them, followed the horses as usual. On the way he was attacked by a large mastiff, and was in danger of being killed. The dog's favourite horse, seeing the critical situation of his friend, suddenly broke loose from the servant, ran to the spot where the dogs were fighting, and, with a violent kick, threw the mastiff from the other dog into a cooper's cellar opposite; and, having thus rescued his friendly companion, returned quietly with him to drink at the fountain.—*American newspaper.*

#### DUELLING IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.

Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that one hundred and seventy-two were fought (in which three hundred and forty-four persons were concerned); sixty-nine individuals were killed; in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; ninety-six of them were wounded—forty-eight of them desperately, and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unharmed. From this statement it will be seen that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder, two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods.

When the British army occupied the south of France, similar scenes were witnessed, but more especially at Bourdeaux, where the French officers came over for the sole purpose of insulting and fighting the English, who were in many instances absurd enough to meet their wishes. It is, however, gratifying to state, that the fortune of arms was generally in our favour. In one instance the French officers went to the little Theatre de la Galette, when a furious fray took place between them and several British officers; although the latter had no swords, the French drew theirs; but the British, breaking up chairs and tables, in a few minutes shivered their weapons, and knocked them down in every direction.

It is somewhat strange, but I was, in a great measure, the means of terminating these differences. Coming out of the theatre, I was assailed by a group of French officers; I calmly replied, that if I had given offence to any of them, I was ready to afford them satisfaction, and dilated on the absurdity of making a national war the subject of personal hostility, while I enlarged on the friendly feeling that had prevailed between our armies during the Peninsular war, and recalled to their recollection the many kind acts we had shown each other when prisoners and wounded. The officers not only listened to me with the greatest attention, but I was obliged to accompany them and sup with the party. The next morning there was not a French officer in the town.—*Dr Millengen's History of Duelling.*

#### THE CHINESE TAILOR.

Among the many whimsical anecdotes told of the peculiar habits of the Chinese, perhaps few will be considered more characteristic of their love of imitation than the following:—Towards the close of the last century, an officer of the *Pitt*, East Indiaman, when that ship lay off Canton, sent ashore to a native art order for a dozen pairs of trousers, to be made of the nankeen for which China has been so long famed. The Chinese artisan required a pattern—he could not make any thing without a pattern—so a pair of trousers were sent at his request, which pair had been mended with a patch and needlework on the knee. In due time the dozen pairs were sent on board, of a fabric of exceeding beauty for fineness and quality, but every pair bearing, like an heraldic badge, the obnoxious patch on the one knee, exactly copied stitch for stitch, in a style that reflected the highest credit on the mechanical skill of the workman, and for the difficult execution of which an extra charge was made upon the purse of the exasperated owner, who had no alternative but to bring home his bargain as a qualification for the Travellers' Club; for certainly among no kindred or people, living between this and China, could a similar achievement have been performed.—*From a newspaper.*

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